

IN·MEMORIAM  
LOUISA·BLAKE·MASON



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IN MEMORIAM





BC PORTER. 88-



TO MY SISTER'S PORTRAIT

*Has not the painter limnèd there  
In trusting look and gentle air  
All that she is of sweet and rare?  
My Sister!*

*Her lovely soul looks through her eyes  
Upon the world with pleased surprise;  
And in that glance her nature lies—  
My Sister!*

*It only sees what's pure and true,  
And Heaven lies mirrored in its hue:  
Ah! would that I might be like you —  
My Sister!*

*With tender words for others' woes  
She scatters healing as she goes;  
And loving all, she makes no foes—  
My Sister!*

*To me she's Angel! Sister! Friend!  
And I pray God, that to the end  
Of my life's journey, He will lend  
My Sister!*

M. R. M.



IN MEMORIAM

LOUISA BLAKE STEEDMAN MASON

CAMBRIDGE

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*To leave the dead wholly dead is rude. Vivid creature  
that she was, she must not lie forgotten.*

LIFE OF ALICE FREEMAN PALMER

507420



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LOUISA STEEDMAN MASON, BY BENJAMIN C. PORTER

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## IN MEMORIAM

Now and again, not very often, on our way through life, we fall in with some person, moving quietly along the ordinary paths, engaged in no public or conspicuous work, not signalized by reason of any noteworthy achievement, yet who commands our affection by traits more than usually engaging, and impresses us by qualities excelling those which we are accustomed to meet with. We are conscious of a marked personality, of a superior nature, although no incidents in the simple career of the private individual draw general attention. It seems to us wrong that such a person, passing out of life, should by the lapse of a few years become a fading memory and too soon only a name. Such evanescence is a loss and waste of that which is too valuable to be allowed thus to glide into the darkness of forgotten things. Hence this little effort, made in the interest of friends, and more especially of descendants, to sketch the life of Louisa Blake (Steedman) Mason; and very insufficiently to present her as those of her own generation have seen and known her, have greatly admired and warmly loved her.

J. T. M., JR.

JAMES STEEDMAN, of Ely, County of Fife, Scotland, came over to South Carolina many years before the Revolution, and there married Elizabeth Kelsey, December 17, 1772. They both lie buried in St. Philip's Churchyard, in Charleston. Their third son, Colonel Charles John Steedman, married Mary Blake. Her grandfather, Richard Blake, and her father, John Blake, immigrants from England, had become rice and indigo planters on the Santee River and were highly respected in that region. Charles John Steedman served in the War of 1812, and thereby gained his title of colonel. He was a citizen of note in Charleston, and met his death there in the great fire of 1838; he was engaged in blowing-up buildings to stay the progress of the conflagration when the premature explosion of a keg of gunpowder caused him to be crushed in the ruins of a house. "By the Members of the Fellowship Society and by the Citizens of Charleston Neck" a monument was erected to his memory in St. Philip's Churchyard.

Into this Scotch and English ancestry the mother of Mary Blake, that is to say, the great-grandmother of Mrs. Mason, had introduced a valuable and influential admixture. For this lady, Mary Jeannerette by name, was upon both the paternal and maternal sides a French Huguenot; her grandparents had come over from France after the Revocation of the Edict



of Nantes (1685) and had settled on the Santee. This French lineage always greatly pleased Mrs. Mason, as it should have done, for to it doubtless were to be traced some of her most interesting and attractive qualities. Her vivacity and social charm, her merry laugh, her gaiety and her gentle tact and sweetness could never have been lawfully transmitted by Puritan progenitors!

Charles Steedman, son of the aforementioned Charles John and Mary Blake Steedman, entered the United States Navy, and in 1843 was married, in Philadelphia, to Sarah Bishop, the adopted daughter of Richard Ronaldson, in whose house on South-Ninth Street the wedding took place. This gentleman and his brother James had come from Scotland to Philadelphia; had there established the first type-foundry ever operated in this country; had achieved success in business and a good repute among their fellow citizens; that they were men of standing and intelligence may be inferred from the fact that Jefferson and Madison corresponded with them;—as did also Andrew Jackson, so far as that may redound to their credit.

The seafaring career of Steedman permitted only intervals of life on shore, and Mrs. Steedman naturally remained for several years under the roof of Mr. Ronaldson, where, on April 9, 1852, her daughter Louisa Blake Steedman was born.

Three older sisters, Rosa McKean, Ellen Duane, who died at three years of age, and Marion Ronaldson, had preceded Louisa, and two brothers, Richard Ronaldson and Charles John, came later. In course of time, while Louisa was still in early childhood, Commander Steedman was detailed to the Coast Survey, and the family moved to Washington, building there a handsome house with a large garden around it, at the corner of F and Twentieth Streets. A few years were passed here very pleasantly, amid such surroundings as exercised upon the young people an influence easily perceptible in their later life. Mrs. Steedman was a woman of very social instincts, genial, hospitable, agreeable, and with that sincerity in her kindly manners which made many of the habitués of her house real friends rather than transitory acquaintances. As she had been a central figure in a circle of old Philadelphia families, so now again in Washington her parlors were always well filled, and the children saw a great variety of persons, old acquaintances or strangers as the case might be, but all meeting each other upon a free and pleasant footing. For against the background of a permanent society there was the natural coming and going of visitors at the Capital, and the tradition of Southern open doors was nobly respected in the Steedman home. It was a training quite in keeping with the natural



*Lou and Charlie*







aptitude of the daughters, who in their turn were to become noted hostesses and leaders in society.

In 1864 Mr. Ronaldson died at the ripe age of ninety-six years, bequeathing to Mrs. Steedman and her children a large portion of his property which, for those days, was a quite handsome one.

Some time before this event the family had moved again; this time to Torresdale-on-the-Delaware. Apparently this was a delightful spot, if one may judge by the way in which the members of the colony always kept it in their hearts; certainly they formed there friendships not of the transitory sort, but such as grow up when people are for a long while happy together, and some of which, in this case at least, were transmitted from generation to generation. All her life long Mrs. Mason cherished tender reminiscences of Torresdale, and of those poetic years of youth which in memory are always so deliciously tinged with just a bit of the unreal and the imaginative, yet which always seem the very truth itself. Her frequent references to the place and the time were pleasant to hear, bearing evidence as they did of such a cheerful and joyous childhood as one always likes to have pictured to his fancy. Fortunate indeed are children who grow up amid such surroundings! Among the letters which were received by



Dr. Mason after the death of his wife, the warmth of feeling and the sentiment of affectionate memories seemed especially to mark those written by the old Torresdale friends.

An incident of these Torresdale days is worth mentioning. Naturally, in the long warm season on the banks of the Delaware, the children were constantly in the water; and the little Louisa, lithe and active, acquired the art of swimming as easily, well, and gracefully as only a few years earlier she had acquired the art of walking, so that all her life long, even to the summer preceding that in which she died, she was an expert in the exercise and always very fond of it. One day two of her companions were with her in the water, and by some mischance found themselves sinking; enlaced together and struggling, they disappeared; promptly she dived to aid them, and, as so often happens in such moments of panic, she was caught by them so that there was danger of there being three victims instead of two. Her coolness, however, her skill and resolution enabled her to keep the trio at or near the surface, until a boat, hastily pushed out, came to their rescue; — certainly a brilliant and daring feat of life-saving to be performed by a child of nine years.

The years of the Civil War were passed at Torresdale, and the influence of that exciting time stayed with Mrs. Mason to



the end of her life ; in no other way were the intensity of her temperament and the vigor of her convictions more clearly displayed than by her ardent patriotism and her uncompromising faith in the Republican party. In these early impressionable years, her surroundings had saturated her whole soul with these principles. Her father, forced to choose between his native State and his family connections upon the one side, and loyalty to his country on the other, manfully resolved to stay upon the deck where he could still stand beneath the familiar stars and stripes. Men who passed through this struggle of sentiment, who for the sake of the Union endured bitter reproaches from father and mother, sister and brother, and sacrificed all that was only less dear than their country, inevitably had their feelings most painfully and profoundly engaged ; furthermore, Steedman was encountering the perils of active service at sea. These things burned deep into his young daughter's eager heart. Moreover, old Mr. Ronaldson, who to her youthful eye seemed so greatly wise and good, was a stalwart Unionist ; and the neighbors at Torresdale stood very staunchly by the patriotic doctrines. Altogether it was quite natural that patriotism became like a religion, passionately held by Mrs. Mason, and that for long years afterward the liveliness of her interest in matters political and her spirited asser-

tion of her faith in the men and measures of the Republican party should be something quite exceptional among ladies of her age in Boston, few of whom had been through quite such a schooling in patriotism as had fallen to her lot. In consequence it was pleasant to talk politics with her if one happened to agree with her; but somewhat difficult if one did not; for she spoke her mind with much positiveness and decision, said all that she meant and meant all that she said, and had little tolerance for the opposite point of view. It must be admitted that she was too feminine to be judicial. She was a believer rather than a judge. One privilege, however, rarely accorded to strenuous partisans, she enjoyed; for her ardent declarations of faith, her uncompromising denunciations of those evil-disposed persons who maintained a stiff-necked and incomprehensible opposition, never gave even passing offence. In her simple earnest sincerity there was something which always preserved the friendly footing, and kept resentment, even irritation, at a safe distance. Indeed, amid the atmosphere of her kindliness and goodness a controversy might thrive, but never a quarrel. So she could make the fiercest assertions, and often did, without ever breaking the peace.

After the war Captain Steedman, at the request of Admiral Goldsborough, was ordered to the Mediterranean in command



*At the Age of Fourteen*







of the flagship Colorado, with fleet headquarters at Villefranche. This resulted in the family going abroad and staying in Europe nearly three years. A part of this time Louisa was in a convent at Paris ; otherwise she and her sisters were travelling and studying in Italy, France, Switzerland, and Germany. At times, when in the neighborhood of the fleet, the naval officers of other nationalities were constant visitors at the hospitable quarters of Mrs. Steedman, and thus between opportunities for acquiring foreign languages, for education in art and matters of taste, and for meeting a varied society, the long foreign residence brought beneficial results in the way of cultivation and knowledge of the world. On board the Colorado during these cruises there were Captain John H. Upshur and Lieutenants Dewey, Sampson, and Watson, each one of whom was later to attain high distinction in the American Navy.

In 1868 the family came back to the United States and passed a winter very pleasantly, renewing their old friendships in Philadelphia, and then came North, Commodore Steedman having been placed in command of the Navy Yard in Charlestown, Massachusetts. When the family first arrived at this new home Louisa was only sixteen years old, and accordingly she was sent to the well-known school kept by an



English lady, Miss Wilby, which the good people of Boston were firmly assured was without an equal in the land. Perhaps this was so; at any rate, Louisa had already an unusually good education, and it was therefore of less consequence if the state of pupilage could not be very sternly maintained during the remaining year or two in the face of the social temptations soon to be encountered. It may be doubted how far it was possible to keep so attractive a young person, school-girl though she was, seated in a corner, with her attention glued to her books, while her popular sisters were entertaining a procession of callers.

At that time Charlestown had, what perhaps it has since lost, a pleasant though small circle of families living near the Navy Yard, remnants of an old-fashioned but very agreeable society of naval men. Yet fortunate as this may have been for Commodore Steedman and his wife, who could enjoy chatting with the social relics thus beached at the head of the harbor, it meant less for the young people, who naturally sought in Boston congenial friends of their own age; or more correctly it should be said that they themselves were the sought rather than the seekers; for the attractions lately arrived within the high walls of the Navy Yard did not long lie undiscovered in that remote enclosure, and soon the gilded



*Sixteen Years Old*







youth and the gay maidens from Beacon Hill and the Back Bay began to traverse the hitherto unfamiliar bridge named after the Revolutionary hero Warren.

Many of the friendships made by Louisa at school proved to be enduring; she enjoyed already the like popularity won by the same qualities of which we shall have to speak in her later life. One of these schoolmates, betwixt whom and Mrs. Mason the warm friendship thus begun in childhood lasted through life, writes: —

I loved Lou the first time I ever saw her when she came to Miss Wilby's school, a girl of sixteen, and I have loved her ever since. There never was any one like her. Old and young, men and women, every one who knew her felt at once her charm and lovable nature. I have never known any one so genuinely loved by all who came in contact with her.

The paragraph may seem to repeat a trifle too much the "lovable" note; one who is much in earnest recoils a little before this much-abused and overworked word and inclines to use it gingerly. But this lady had no choice; the repetition in her sentences expresses correctly the truth that, from these early years to the end of her life, Mrs. Mason, in an unusual degree, stirred the feeling of love in all persons who knew her.

Her appearance in these school-girl days has been thus described by one who looked upon her with keen, appreciative eyes: —

She was then exquisitely pretty, of medium height, with vivid yet delicate coloring, reddish brown hair and deep blue eyes, with a fair and brilliant complexion, making her very noticeable.

She entered into her first season with the gaiety and enthusiasm of her temperament, yet with a shy dignity that added to her charm, and she became at once a favorite partner at balls, dances, and assemblies, for her dancing was quite remarkable for its grace and rhythm. There was never a prettier sight than her sweet face flushed with pleasure as she moved with a daintiness and gentle vivacity all her own.

Boston is certainly not a place where strangers or newcomers are by any means likely to be stifled by excessive cordiality; but the Steedman sisters were received with open arms, — so to speak. They were overwhelmed during the winters with invitations for balls, parties, and dinners, and during the summers with demands for visits. Much too soon, as it seemed, this pleasant current of life was rudely broken by the orders which came to the Admiral to take command of the South Pacific Squadron, whereby the household at the Navy Yard had again to change quarters and return to Philadelphia, which they still regarded as a sort of home port. But



*At the Centennial Ball, Philadelphia*









the young people had been casting out lines, strong cables indeed, which were soon to warp them back again. Boston sternly refused to lose them, and perhaps they did not wish to be lost to Boston. One of these lines soon came into active force through an event which, after the years of so great popularity, could not be regarded as altogether surprising; the second daughter, Marion, was married in Philadelphia to Mr. E. Rollins Morse of Boston, on May 29, 1873. This was a heavy weight thrown into the scale of the latter city as against the former. Nor did many months elapse before another like weight cast into the same scale practically settled the matter for the future. This was the engagement of Louisa to Doctor A. Lawrence Mason, also of Boston, which took place in February, 1874. This proved in every respect a most fortunate match; Doctor Mason belonged to one of those good old Boston families which are almost clans; he had been graduated at Harvard in the Class of 1863, had afterward travelled extensively in Europe, and was now starting in his career as a physician, in which he was destined to win a high reputation. Both in college and in society he had been exceptionally popular. In every respect, therefore, this was an auspicious coming together of the right people; and the auspices were fulfilled, for not only were they for the time

strongly attached to each other with the eagerness of youth, but by good fortune it turned out that in fundamental characteristics they were also so well adapted that throughout the long comradeship of life the attachment steadily grew stronger and closer. The marriage took place in the same year, at Emmanuel Church in Boston, the Reverend Arthur Lawrence, a cousin of the groom, officiating; and the wedding reception followed at the house of the bride's sister, Mrs. Morse, on Beacon Street.

Housekeeping was begun at No. 265 Clarendon Street, on the Back Bay, so-called, in Boston. It was a snug little house which had been built by Doctor Mason a few years before, and here Mrs. Mason, after the somewhat wandering life which she had hitherto led, found herself established in what was to be her real and permanent home. It was pleasantly situated in the town, was well planned, and developed a surprising capacity for expanding enough to meet the needs of a most generous hospitality. There seemed always to be visitors coming into the two cozy parlors at the top of the winding stairway; and there were delightful dinners in the dining-room below, where there was sure to be delicious food and good wine and merry talk, and such a comradeship and friendliness as wither in the glare and grandeur of banquets. Now that she was thus a



*In 1874*











hostess in her own house, seconded by a husband whose tastes were as hospitable as her own, Mrs. Mason's social relationships naturally multiplied and took deeper root. Soon there was not in Boston a more popular woman than she was. On all sides people spoke of her peculiar charm. In this age, when even novel-writers give themselves chiefly to the study of diagnosis and analysis, the duty at once presents itself to explain, if possible, in what this charm consisted, what causes and qualities created it. Plenty of other women in Boston were kindly, cordial, agreeable, lively, and attractive; why, then, should all persons with one accord speak of Mrs. Mason's "charm," all agreeing that this very flattering, though somewhat vague, delineation was peculiarly appropriate and descriptive of her? There were many reasons, each contributing its share towards an answer to this query. She had of course all the freshness of youth, and it may be said here that her youthful appearance remained with her in an extraordinary measure throughout her mature years, abiding as a presence rather than, as is usually the case, becoming a tradition. She was certainly remarkably pretty, not with a statuesque beauty which is striking chiefly in repose, but with a sparkling eye, which danced and beamed with an eager joy, a bright flushing cheek, a responsive changing vivacity of fea-

ture, so that her face, to a friend who seeks to call it again before the mind's eye, seems always to have been lighted with some pleasing expression. She was thoroughly well-bred, with a manner as gracious and gentle as it was gay and lively, removed by an infinite distance from that boisterousness which sometimes makes even the charitable among us wish that youth would not be quite so exuberant in the expression of its high spirits; yet no one was more light-hearted, no one more merry. She liked to talk and she talked well, though without pretension of being a brilliant woman or of belonging to a literary coterie. The chat of society pleased her, but always without gossip; she had abundant humor, and her infectious laugh was a joy for those who heard it; every one else wanted to laugh too. Yet, if left to choose, she would often talk very earnestly, for she had ideas and opinions which interested her profoundly; but if in the midst of such graver talk the party of the other part saw fit to interject some shaft of wit or banter, it was delightful to note the quick change which flashed over her face, to see the responsive sparkle in her blue eye, and the smile on her red lips. By that courtesy which is born of sympathy she was always ready to fall in with the humor of her companion in the talk, not forcing him to be either grave or gay against his will, but quite

ready herself to take the tone which fitted with his mood of the moment, — very rare and very valuable is such responsive and unselfish readiness in conversation; but Mrs. Mason was unselfish in all things, great or small. She always appeared to be happy, often even radiantly so, and she then seemed to shed happiness like light around her; it was a sort of effluence of tender good will toward life and the world and mankind, perhaps something like that which inspired Abou Ben Adhem, when the divine light filled his chamber and he asked to be written down as one who loved his fellow men. She met the morose cheerfully; under her influence the malicious began to utter amiabilities, or would at least consent to them; stirred by her liveliness, the dull fellow and the bore became for the moment agreeable companions. In a word, she had the gift of “raining influence” upon any manageable number of guests, — and her house would not hold an unmanageable number. It was thus that she won the right to be called “charming,” and by these qualities she became the perfect hostess; and the beauty of it all was that no one ever envied her; society gave her its admiration with a generosity like her own, and her admirers took their reward in the very pleasure of admiring. Of course she was aware of this admiration; so obvious a fact she could not help knowing; and it is

pleasant now to think of the simple, honest gratification which she must silently and privately have drawn therefrom; but the only way in which she drew it was by feeling pleasure in knowing that she gave pleasure. Vanity was absent from her by an infinite distance, just as selfishness was; not because she put them away from her, for she never had to do this; it was the simple, if unusual, case of a person unconscious of herself. Therefore she was entirely natural and spontaneous; if she was kindly and cordial and sympathetic, it was from no calculation, nor because it was shrewd to seem interested in others; she never sowed in order to reap a harvest, nor cast bread upon the waters with an eye to the bribe which is held out to those who do so. If there was any quality in the world which she possessed in its fulness, it was sincerity. She was worried by no ambitious longings, nor ever disturbed by what people might think of her, but content always to be herself in frank straightforward fashion and to take the consequences, whatever they might be. She was very modest, — unduly so, especially as to her intellectual ability, which she persistently underrated; but with this modesty there went a sound respect for her own opinions. She would readily admit that an opponent in argument might probably be wiser than she was, but she did not therefore submissively give up her

views and adopt his; she had first to be convinced, nor was it a very easy matter to convince her against her already formed opinion. Her convictions, whether in any instance right or wrong, were based on reasons which she had thought out and beliefs which she held, and were declared by her with a perfect courage and maintained always with a splendid tenacity. She would come out into the open and say precisely what she thought and why she thought it, without paring away any edges to make her views coincide with those of others. Yet all the while one was conscious of the presence of such a gentle modesty and sweet nature as prevented the situation from becoming strained.

In her relationships with men and women she was broad in her likings and generous in her judgments; not at all from laxity, for her standards were high, but from a wide humanity. Her world was in a certain way a large one, for her heart and her understanding comprehended many and various types of men. It was noteworthy that she was absorbed by no one clique, but was welcomed equally in many widely diverse sets, appreciating and appreciated, understanding and understood. If she was prone to kindly opinions of people, it was not in the least with that insipid amiability of which no sensible person is pleased to be the victim. On the contrary, she had her dis-



likings in tolerable number, and she expressed them with her usual frankness; in fact, it would have been idle for her to try to dissemble, for it was not in her honest nature. If she really and seriously thought ill of a person, she would say so plainly and give her reasons openly; no innuendo, no stab in the dark, but fair hitting always. It was the self-seeking and the pretentious who chiefly stirred her contemptuous dislike.

Among men it is probable that no woman was ever more universally popular than was Mrs. Mason; better might it be said that, in her day at least, no other woman became so popular with them. Besides her usual liveliness and cordiality she met them with such a friendly, simple, and straightforward good faith as fascinated them one and all. There existed betwixt her and them the most delightful *camaraderie*, equality, and good understanding, yet restrained always by a certain respect or even reverence upon their part towards her. Every one felt that under her influence he was appearing at his very best; she would smile kindly upon the dullard and the bore, who, unaccustomed to such greeting, felt there might be hope for him; she would not wear the countenance of too grave disapproval towards one who had his weaknesses and his failings, and he felt that for a time at least he was a better man.



*Flower Girls*









There were men of both these classes whose attitude towards her was that of nothing less than adoration, and any one of them would have readily laid down his life for her in time of need. Not that she was a woman who had that sort of comradeship which meets men on their lower ground and, with a misplaced tolerance, is careless of coarseness; from this no one could be further removed than she was; there was always about her an atmosphere of honest purity which brought the most reckless man to his senses the instant he penetrated within its fine influence. Like many of the best and most feminine of women she had an instinctive liking for manly virtues and an instinctive repulsion for unmanly faults. Thus while she could be charitable upon occasion, her charity never could be stretched to cover the guiltiness which had the mean, ungenerous, or cowardly taint. If a man wanted her to look kindly upon him, he must be able to stand upright in the sunlight. Naturally men were grateful to her for her appreciation of what is good in men, and respected her for her condemnation of those faults which a worthy man is reluctant to condone in his fellows. In her day no other woman held quite the same position in this way that she did.

With this equipment of qualities, with an army of friends, with excellent health, and with a natural well-spring of high

spirits, it may be well imagined that the only trouble with the passing years was that they persisted in passing.

Mr. and Mrs. Morse, in the first summers of their marriage, went to Nahant; afterwards to the Beverly shore, and there, at Pride's Crossing, soon built a cottage of their own. The place had not then been invaded by the multi-millionaires; the natural beauty of the coast was hardly disturbed; the summer residents were friends as well as neighbors, and the course of life there ran easily and pleasantly. Such was the famous North Shore at the time when Doctor and Mrs. Mason passed many weeks in every summer at the Morse cottage, and it was there that the daughter, Marion Steedman Mason, the only offspring of the marriage, was born. This child became a pet of the aunt and uncle, who seemed to assert a sort of partnership right in her, whereby came to be drawn even more closely the bonds which had already united two sisters who had gone through life always side by side.

After a while the Glen House at the White Mountains became the summer resort of many of Doctor Mason's friends, upon the prevalent faith that "hay colds" were unknown in that favored region. It occurred to him to establish himself there as the resident physician, and accordingly, for a series of years, he and his wife passed the months of August and Sep-

tember at the hotel. During these visits Mrs. Mason, strong, active, walking lightly and easily, and very fond of the forest, became familiar with all the trails and made many very long excursions on foot. One of these, which might have had serious consequences, showed the fine quality of her strength and of her nerve. She was one of a small party of four who, with a guide, undertook a walk along the Presidential Range. They passed the night on Mt. Washington, and set out at eight o'clock the following morning. For a few hours all went well, and, under clear skies, they ate the luncheon which they had taken with them and which, had they foreseen what lay before them, they would probably have economized ; for soon a dense fog settled over them, they went utterly astray, and lost all knowledge even as to the general direction in which they were going, or ought to go. So high up as they were on the mountain they could not even find water to drink ; the night settled down and they were soaked by a thunderstorm which burst upon them, but fortunately they managed to keep a fire going. Their repeated efforts to find a continuous descent led them through brambles and over rugged rocks, frequently only to have progress stopped by an impassable precipice. Their clothes and boots were badly torn and their flesh was lacerated. At length they found a brook which acted

as a sufficient though difficult guide downwards. It was not until two o'clock in the afternoon that they made their way to the hotel, having been thirty hours on the mountains and twenty-four hours without food. Mrs. Mason was the only woman in the party. If either her strength or her courage had failed, it would have put a perilous burden upon the men. But muscle and nerve stood by her splendidly, and so far was she from failing that it was unanimously agreed that she was the freshest and most cheerful of all. She came down to dinner as usual that evening, and always spoke of the adventure in a lightsome way, as if it had been really quite amusing. At the time of this occurrence she had the vigor and the spirit of youth, but the love of outdoor life and fitness to endure fatigue remained in later years, and during ten summers which she afterwards passed at Bar Harbor, on Mt. Desert, she showed an undiminished zeal upon the mountain trails.

In connection with this outdoor life one naturally recalls also the Monument Club, established at the head of Buzzard's Bay, in Massachusetts, by a dozen men, of whom Doctor Mason was one, for shooting and fishing. Delightful memories cling around the old inn transformed into a clubhouse, and frequented by a little coterie of intimate friends during some forty years. When in time it was agreed that ladies might be



invited, Mrs. Mason became one of the most frequent visitors, staying sometimes at the club, and sometimes with her friend Mrs. Edmands hard-by, at the house of Mrs. Edmands's brother, Colonel Horton. All around lay the endless stretches of the Plymouth woods interlaced with their intricate network of monotonous woodland paths and enlivened by their bright lakes and glancing streams, wherein there was always the possibility of taking a trout. With much tact Mrs. Mason fitted herself into these sportsman's surroundings, and began rapidly to develop quite a taste and skill in the ancient and renowned art of angling. The consequence was that in due time she was actually admitted to the privileges of salmon-fishing upon the Ristigouche River in Canada. Upon this stream, at the mouth of the little tributary known as Brandy Brook, the Doctor and his friends Charles Fearing and Harry Hollins, gentlemen from New York, had bought the fishing-rights in some good pools, and in 1879 had built a fishing-camp there. Also the Doctor was one of the most active founders and members of the Ristigouche Salmon Club. Thither Mrs. Mason came for visits at times during several years, and made herself as much a favorite with the Indian guides as with the fishermen. Other ladies also came, but none ever rivalled her as a true sportswoman. Dean Sage, of Albany, the well-

known angler, who, about 1875, had built Camp Harmony, the first fishing station on the river, afterward wrote, and printed for private distribution, a book entitled “The Ristigouche and its Salmon Fishing.” The hundred copies of this sumptuous volume cost the writer the round sum of ten thousand dollars; it was, however, money well spent, for the book is written with attractive picturesqueness and skill. In this he says of Mrs. Mason:—

Two ladies, who for some years have accompanied their husbands to the river, are expert anglers — one of them particularly so, throwing a beautiful line ; she will cast for hours in all weather, and had, I think, killed more salmon in the Ristigouche than almost any man who goes there.

It was during the months of June and July that this resort was chiefly used, and there Doctor and Mrs. Mason and their little daughter, who, after she had arrived at six years of age, went with them, took their place among the best-known habitués of the stream, which was then much less frequented than it has since become. The Indian guide, Polycarp Martin, chief of the Mic-Macs, was especially allotted to Mrs. Mason as canoeist and aide. Instructed by this expert, she soon became an expert herself. It was remarkable, however, that her first salmon was taken on the very first day that she ever cast a





*Mother and Daughter in 1881*







fly; it was in the celebrated Main Pool at the Club, at dusk after a long June day; Mr. William Neyle Habersham, a Harvard graduate of the Class of 1835, from Savannah, Georgia, and a veteran angler, was fishing near by. He dropped his rod and coached her until, to his delight as well as her own, she landed a twenty-six-pound fish. In January, 1899, being then eighty-two years of age, he still held the scene in his memory, writing: — “I think I see you killing your first salmon, sitting on that log at the foot of the Island so quietly.” From this auspicious beginning she steadily advanced to familiarity with all the details of the art, and in time was reputed one of the very best of the salmon-fishers who visited those waters. With her light rod she could cast out eighty-five feet of line, and often she fished without undue fatigue from early morning until about nine o’clock at night, the hour at which in that northern region darkness fell upon the water.

Besides Mrs. Mason herself and her devoted Indian chieftain there was always a third personage of the party, who cannot by any means be forgotten; this was the dog Risty, born at the river and named after it, and who for eleven years of his life gave to his mistress and received from her an unlimited devotion. He, too, seemed a keen fisherman, watching from

the gunwale of the canoe for every leap of the salmon from the moment when the reel began to whiz until the fish was brought to gaff, when he would jump on shore and lick the victim with every manifestation of delight. He seemed inclined to accentuate his loyalty to his mistress by a scant courtesy to others, and would not allow even the Indians who fed him to come near her tent. One summer she was going to Europe for a few weeks, and from the hour of her departure Risty watched from his accustomed window for her return, refused to eat, and at the end of a month was dead. The sad event spoiled the pleasure of her little trip. A love for animals was inborn in Mrs. Mason, and was one of the traits of her childhood which, after her death, was recalled and referred to by the friends of Torresdale days. It was the outcome in a measure of her tender-heartedness. The mute suffering of brute or bird always appealed to her, and in the unequal struggle which they have to maintain against the cleverer animal, man, she stood always with the handicapped contestant.

The foregoing paragraphs, portraying Mrs. Mason's fine physical vigor, her splendid courage, her love of outdoor life, her taste for and skill in some of the favorite sports of men, are not written without anxiety lest a false picture arise before some readers. It would be too cruel if, in consequence of



*In 1890*









this description, any one should fancy her as in the remotest degree resembling the masculine type of young woman, which is now so prevalent, the members of which have been so well described as having “ceased to be ladies without having become gentlemen.” How painful as well as unjust would such a misconception be for her, who was in soul, conduct, and manners as feminine as the most fastidious and carefully conducted habitués of exclusive parlors! With the change of one word it may be said of her, as has lately been said of another, — “She chiefly distinguished herself by *delicate* ways of confronting the usual world.”

Mrs. Mason was a woman of abounding energy, with much executive ability, and a great power of organization. She preferred always to do things well for herself rather than to have them done badly for her by others. In earlier days she would have ranked high as a notable New England housewife, and would not have been ashamed to do so. As it was, she actually had the good sense not to deny that she was skilful with her needle. The cares of good housekeeping and the pleasures of society were, however, far from affording sufficient occupation for her eager activity and her various capacity. The pursuit to which she was especially addicted, and which during many years brought to her infinite enjoyment, was

painting in water-colors. In this she certainly excelled, having the instinct for art united with a high measure of skill in execution. For many successive winters she was one of a class which painted under the auspices of Mr. Ross Turner, and which later on organized as the Water-Color Club. Comparisons would be out of place, indeed would be impossible where the several ladies differed so widely in their lines of subjects; but in the department of flower-painting, especially in the way of roses, there can be no question that Mrs. Mason was easily first. There was a poetic delicacy in her drawing and coloring, a bewitching softness of outline, and an exquisite expression of the natural grace of the flower, which made her pictures leading favorites at the annual exhibitions, where it was *de règle* to offer the pictures for sale, and whence she never carried any of hers home. Mr. Turner writes of her as follows: —

Mrs. Mason, from the earliest appearance in my class, and from the beginning of our acquaintance, was appreciative of artistic things; color was to her nature as a song was to a bird. She did not have to study to get color; her lack of technique was at times, in her early work, the only drawback, but she had a natural, sweet way of putting things on paper, and the color was so simple and pure that we all marvelled at it. But she could not help doing it; it was in her.



*Elizabethan Costume*









The only instance when I was very much amused was on an occasion in Gloucester. In a study of some boats (schooners) at the wharf, they were liberally endowed with *two* bowsprits! I said : “ Dear Mrs. Mason, for a daughter of an Admiral in the United States Navy to put *two* bowsprits on a vessel is almost unpardonable.” But we were both highly amused, thankful that no such arbitrary rules governed the painting of roses and flowers.

I always felt that Mrs. Mason was particularly at home in a studio. She enjoyed the atmosphere of the place. It was so spontaneous and real. The art was there ; it needed only the flame to light the lamp of her enthusiasm.

In the same line as her painting at the studio was the industry of decorating large shades for lamps, which she often did, devoting the proceeds to various charities, public and private. She could have made a good income by such work, had she been obliged to pursue it for winning a livelihood.

An episode in Mrs. Mason’s life which gave her great interest and pleasure was her connection with the Art Students’ Association, of which her friend Mr. Holker Abbott was president. Their Artists’ Festivals, given once at the Art Museum and in other years at Copley Hall, were important events in the city. These were a sort of Fancy Ball, only on a much higher plane scientifically and artistically, some period being

selected for illustration and all the ceremonial arranged and the costumes passed upon by a committee of artists. In these Mrs. Mason was always a prominent adviser and actor, and generally one of the lady patronesses. It was astonishing what results she could achieve in the arrangement of her own costume, using in connection with rich pieces of brocade or silk such other adjuncts as came to hand. The resourcefulness and inventive talent with which she was so greatly endowed were much in evidence in these tasks. Her own part she always sustained with a mingled grace, earnestness, and spirit which were fascinating.

The first serious interruption in the cheerful life at Boston occurred in 1890, when Admiral Steedman died at Washington at the age of eighty years. The next year his widow followed him, and Mrs. Mason, long years afterwards, wrote to her son-in-law, whose own mother had then just died : —

The sorrow and anguish I felt when my own dear mother died are as fresh to-day as when it happened seventeen years ago.

These deaths seemed to come in the due course of nature, at an age when infirmities make the prolongation of life hardly desirable. But the same could not be said when, after the lapse of a few years more, death invaded Mrs. Mason's own gener-

ation, taking very suddenly her sister Rosa in June, 1903. This seemed untimely, and therefore the more cruel, and affected Mrs. Mason with a deep and enduring grief. Family feeling among the Steedmans was of very unusual strength. They had in very high degree the instinct of kinship, and clung to each other with an admiring affection such as is rarely seen, so that the wound of a death among them seemed never really to heal. Four years later there came yet one more loss when, in 1907, her brother Charles died in Paris. With him, the youngest of the family, the “baby,” Mrs. Mason had always felt herself allied by special ties of influence and sympathy. She was not well when his death occurred, and the news took her entirely by surprise; during the short time that she herself had thereafter to live she never recovered from the shock.

One of Mrs. Mason’s friends, Professor John C. Gray, writing after her death to Mrs. Morse, said of her: —

She was certainly as bright and spirited a being as ever lived; and there was something more. Beneath that beautiful and winning presence there lay two feelings, which belong indeed to our common nature, but which rarely reach the passionate intensity which they did in her,—love for her family, and love, as became her father’s daughter, for her country and its glory. They were too passionate and too intense, I am afraid, for her happiness, but to my mind, there has always been something very fine and noble about it.

These were true and discriminating words.

If Mrs. Mason held with rare, almost singular, closeness to her family, they in turn early learned in all times of doubt and trouble to turn to her with reliance. Ever more and more they came to depend upon her, as time proved and developed the sturdiness of her character and the soundness of her good sense. Her attitude in this respect was somewhat unusual, and so is a little difficult to describe; it was as if she felt herself to be a sort of protecting guardian in the family; and especially was this the case in her relations with her younger brothers, whom she sedulously influenced with fine loyalty of affection. Her tenderness for her daughter and her daughter's two children was marked by all the intensity of her nature, and between herself and her little namesake, Louisa Steedman Wilson, there seemed really a bond of sympathy, very beautiful to see, and very striking too where the child was so young. When, under the strain of arduous and important professional duties, her husband's health twice broke down for a while, it was her cheerful courage and her devotion, which knew neither limit nor fatigue, that were the chief influences to restore him to health and the enjoyment of life.

On one occasion she came gallantly and effectively to



*In 1903*











the aid of her brother Dick, giving striking evidence of her energy and capacity in practical affairs. It was at the time of the Spanish War. Some few months before the declaration of hostilities her brother, then a lieutenant in the Regular Army, had failed to pass an examination for promotion. At the outbreak of hostilities more infantry captains were required at once, but the Army Regulations prescribed that six months must elapse between an examination in which an officer had failed and his re-examination. Thus it happened that just at the critical moment, pending this interval, Lieutenant Steedman could not come up again for examination, and by reason of this fact fifty of his juniors were promoted over his head, and he was ordered to the front in command of his company, but without the proper rank. Under the Regulations the War Department was powerless to grant a special examination without an Act of Congress. The session was near its end; there was an unusual pressure of public business by reason of the war, and there was scant possibility that a little private matter could obtain attention. But Mrs. Mason took the matter in hand with all her natural ardor and energy. She journeyed to Washington, and at first got little encouragement there. The Department officials, though not opposing her scheme, would give her no aid. She succeeded, how-

ever, in enlisting the interest of the Committee on Military Affairs, both of the Senate and of the House. Senator Lodge drew a bill for her and presented it in the Senate; Representative McCall introduced it in the House, and Speaker Reed assisted its passage with the friendly interest which was essential to success. The President immediately signed the bill, and thus, after three days of strenuous exertion in this novel field of action, she had the pleasure of securing for her brother the opportunity of which he successfully availed himself. Shortly afterwards he led his company in the assault and gallant charge which really effected the capture of San Juan Hill, and was recommended for a brevet for especial gallantry on that occasion. Mrs. Mason saw this brother only at long intervals, but years of separation brought no indifference, neither diminution of her strong and loyal affection. She used to send a Christmas box to the privates of his company every year, with a pipe and tobacco and other little presents for each man in the ranks. These boxes even made the long seven-thousand-mile journey to the Philippines when the regiment was there. In return she received from Captain Steedman's man, Parker, a letter of thanks, in which he said:—

Your very welcome letter dated October 17th was received by me, also the Christmas presents, and I assure you I cannot find words to express my appreciation of your kindness. The boxes containing the presents to the men of the Captain's company were in the best of condition when received and each man received his share ; the men being scattered all over, it was necessary to pack their share up and send it to them. Those at this post received them personally, and I can only say that they were greatly appreciated by them, more than I can describe, especially when we are seven thousand miles from home, and still there are those upon whom we have no claim, who still think of us and contribute to our happiness at this great distance.

The eagerness of Mrs. Mason's interest in national questions referred to by Professor Gray was certainly beyond what one often meets with. She expressed herself always with much energy on these subjects, and if one happened not to share her opinions, it was apt to be the part of tact not to push the discussion, for her feelings were often so deeply enlisted that the situation might easily become painful. It was natural enough that she should be much excited during the Spanish War, when her brother was in the midst of what bloodshed there was in Cuba ; and natural also later, when he was in the Philippines on active and dangerous service, that she should have been stirred to fierce indignation against those persons who, from their comfortable studies, as she

put it, were busily disseminating tales of barbarity shown by our troops. On this subject she delivered herself with no small heat. To some persons it seemed perhaps that she was going a little far away from home when she became greatly wrought up on behalf of the Boers during the South African War; but the chivalry of her temperament led her to sympathize with the outmatched party in a gallant and desperate struggle. A certain distrust of the policies of Great Britain towards this country found this an admirable opportunity for free and vigorous expression, and certainly she made the most of it. Another matter also which enlisted her strong advocacy was the Russo-Japanese War. She felt an antipathy, vigorous as her antipathies were apt to be, towards the Japanese, and was one of those who uttered disturbing predictions as to the future relations between Japan and this country, predictions which could now find many more sympathizers than they did at that time. Moreover, remembering how Russia, by her behavior during the Civil War, had made good the traditional friendship existing between that power and this country, she felt a loyal gratitude towards the nation which had stood by the United States in their hour of need. Being present once when a gentleman casually mentioned that he was about to transmit certain funds for aiding the Russian



*Grandmother and Grandchild in 1906*











prisoners in Japan, she became deeply moved and hastened to Doctor Mason to get some money. "How much?" he asked. "All you have," she impetuously replied; and of course she got it. Not infrequently she was thus eagerly generous with money. Indeed, money was a thing to which she gave little thought, though her sensible nature kept her always safe from the folly of extravagance. Knowing that she could not afford to be reckless, she always and easily practised a reasonable moderation in expenditure, and when sometimes she was lavish, it was sure not to be for herself.

Meantime, on March 11, 1902, there had occurred the marriage of Mrs. Mason's daughter to Richard T. Wilson, Jr., of New York. This event ere long changed, or at least largely contributed to change, the course of Doctor and Mrs. Mason's life. Mr. and Mrs. Morse had already migrated to New York City, and now of course Mrs. Wilson also was to be established there. Further away than New York, too, Mr. Wilson had extensive plantations in South Carolina, which led to his passing a large part of the winters there. Doctor and Mrs. Mason, moreover, were not altogether well, or at least were easily persuaded by their daughter that long visits in the warm Southern climate would be very beneficial for their health. So, what with one inducement and another, the

roots struck in Boston were gradually loosened; the roving life of Mrs. Mason's earlier years was in some measure resumed; the house in Clarendon Street was let during a few months each winter, and long stays were made in New York, in Washington, and in South Carolina. These visits to South Carolina were found very enjoyable. It was a novel life that they fell into there, with the scenery of the level sandy islands and the picturesque negro cotton-pickers. Moreover Mrs. Mason soon established very pleasant, often very cordial, relations with some of the old families in Charleston whose forebears had been the associates of her forebears. Silence was usually observed as to the "late unpleasantness," and that episode was skipped over; though on one or two occasions she was called upon to stand to her guns, and she did so. Traditions of older times were kindly recalled, the ties of blood reasserted themselves across the temporary alienation, and Mrs. Mason aroused at the South the same warm feelings which she had been accustomed to excite at the North, and was not long allowed to feel herself a stranger in a strange land. She was invited to join the Huguenot Society of South Carolina, a Society established by the descendants of the old South Carolina families, and she gladly did so, becoming a life-member. She also joined the Rebecca Motte Chapter, of

Charleston, of the Daughters of the American Revolution, being entitled thereto by her descent from James Steedman and John Blake, her great-grandfathers. She also belonged to the South Carolina Historical Society. In forming these associations and making these friendships she reflected with gratification upon the pleasure that such a renewal of old ties would have given the Admiral. Further she was especially glad to be able thus to make for her daughter a social status with roots of ancient date in that neighborhood in which Mrs. Wilson was likely to pass so much time.

For many years the summers had been, and they still continued to be, passed at York Harbor, Maine. Mrs. Mason greatly enjoyed her life in this place. She had her canoe on the river, and there was a very pleasant colony of summer residents, among whom were many old friends from Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, as well as Boston neighbors. She seemed always well and invigorated in the bracing air near the sea, and in the spring of 1908 great hope was felt that the influence of the place might restore her vigor, which had manifestly been waning for many months. Indeed, during the winter of 1907-08 her condition had caused her friends no little anxiety, and during her short stay in Boston in preparation for the summer she had seemed to those who saw

her gravely ill. The journey, however, was accomplished and she was taken to her familiar cottage; but all hopes were sadly disappointed. The family, gathered about her in the village during the summer months, tried in vain to conceal from themselves the too evident fact that she was steadily failing and that the end could not be far off. It came at last, and on the third day of August, 1908, she died, leaving in the hearts of her own people, so deeply loved and loving, a beautiful memory and a never-ending sorrow.

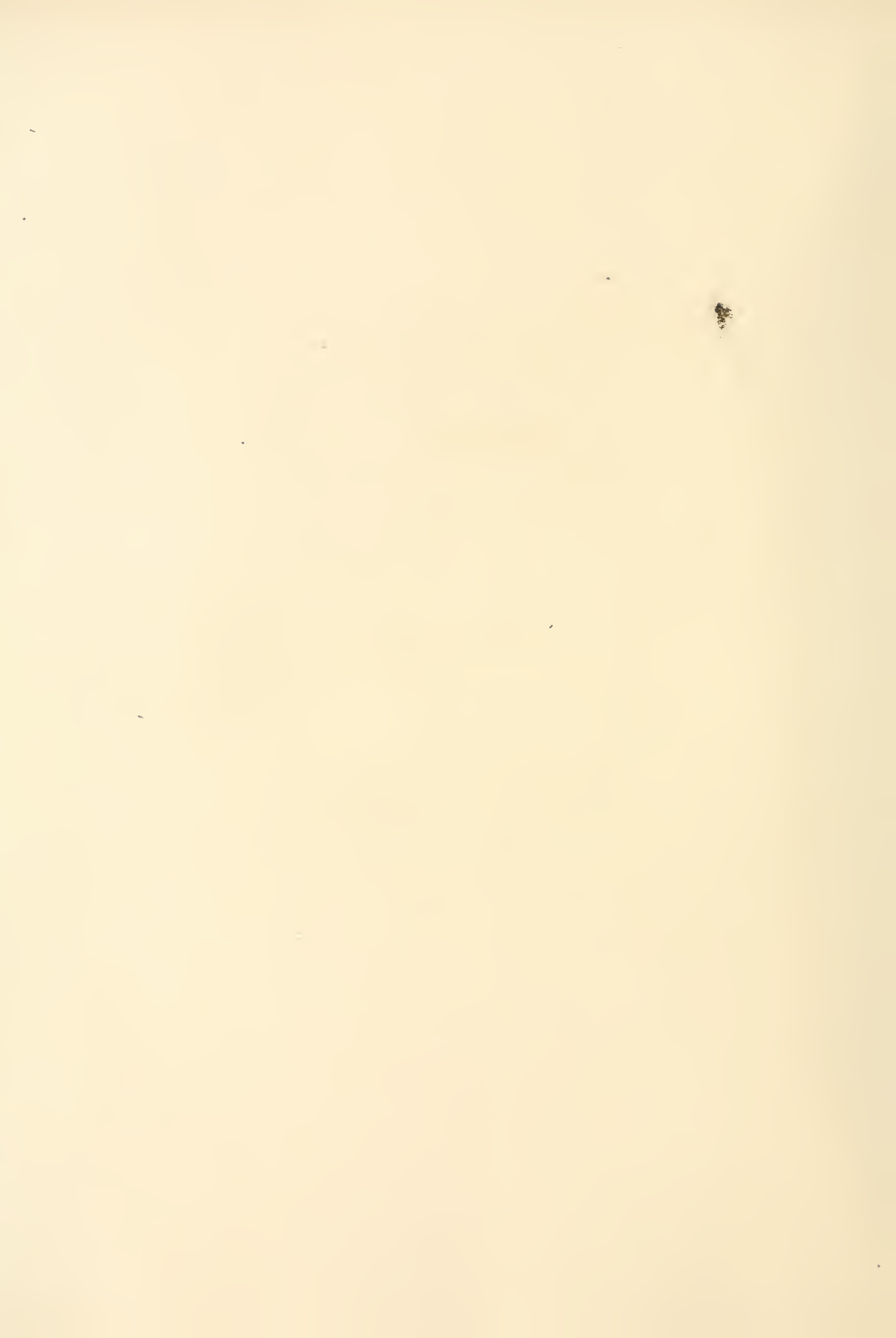
She now rests at Mount Auburn, with her father, her mother, and her sister Rosa.



*At Mount Auburn*









## APPENDIX







*St. John's Memorial Chapel*



St. Peter's Church, 1888, 16

## I

MANY members of her own and of her husband's family and other representatives of Boston society gathered at her funeral. The services were held in St. John's Memorial Chapel, Brattle Street, Cambridge, which was erected by Robert Means Mason in honor of his wife, Sarah Ellen (Francis) Mason, and of Doctor Mason's father, the Reverend Charles Mason, D.D. The office for the burial of the dead was read by the Reverend Arthur Lawrence, D.D., a cousin of Doctor Mason, who had officiated at the marriage of Doctor and Mrs. Mason, thirty-four years before. The hymns, "Abide with Me," "Peace, Perfect Peace," and "Lead Kindly Light," were sung by the chapel choir.

The following-named friends of the family acted both as ushers and as pallbearers: Lawrence Stockton, Philip Stockton, Doctor George Derby, Beverly Rantoul, James Kidder, Holker Abbott, and Messrs. Lawrence Haughton, Edward Oliver and Charles G. Winslow.

## II

### LOUISA B. S. MASON

IN the death of Louisa Blake Steedman, the wife of Doctor A. Lawrence Mason, not only do her immediate friends suffer an irreparable loss, but a large portion of the community feels both a sympathetic sorrow and keen regret for the passing of her exquisite personality.

The youngest daughter of Rear-Admiral Charles Steedman, of Charleston, South Carolina, she combined all the charm of Southern manners with a clear intellect, a vivid interest in affairs, and wide cul-

ture. A thing of beauty when she first came to Boston, she remained so to the last, the perfection of her nature constantly reflected in her face and animating her movements. But it was not the beauty of face and form and manner, nor the unusual music of her voice, nor the distinction of her high breeding, that made her chief attraction. It was the wonderful sweetness of the temperament, where gentleness and strength went together, her sympathetic spirit, her overflowing interest in others, her desire to share her happiness, her boundless charity. Her wit was brilliant, but it had no sting; her reading was extensive, and of the best; her lovely geniality never surrendered dignity; and her friendship seemed to crown those to whom she gave it. To be in her company was always to be happy, for she lived much in her affections and enriched and enlarged the world for all who knew her.

She received a part of her education abroad; and both she and her sisters had about them something of an indescribable foreign grace, as of an old *noblesse*. She was married while her father was stationed at the Charlestown Navy Yard, and her charming sway in society was thenceforth undisputed. Her gracious social instinct made her hospitality delightful; she received artists, authors, men of science, people of the great world, from time to time, and always kept herself in touch with the young through her sparkle and gaiety and intuition. She was herself a painter; her work commanded good prices, all its proceeds being devoted to her many charities. Nor was it with her purse alone that she befriended the poor, attending to their pleasures as well as to their needs; she gave herself; and all so quietly that only they who felt her goodness knew of it.

Perhaps some of her rare quality may reappear in the children of her idolized and idolizing daughter, but otherwise so round, so complete, so beautiful a being, we may hardly see again.



“For love and beauty and delight  
There is no death nor change ; their might  
Exceeds our organs, which endure  
No light, being themselves obscure.”

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

*Boston Transcript,*  
*August 6, 1908.*

### III

CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct. 19, 1908.

DR. A. LAWRENCE MASON,

DEAR SIR:—At the regular meeting of Rebecca Motte Chapter, D. A. R., which was held a few days since, the death of our member Mrs. A. Lawrence Mason was announced, and it was resolved that the Secretary be requested to express to you the sincere sympathy of the Chapter in this affliction.

Though Mrs. Mason was known to only a few of the members, she was highly esteemed, for those who did know her bore witness to her worth and charming personality and also to her deep interest in all the work of the Chapter.

Yours truly,

(Signed)

JULIA S. HUGHES,

Cor. Sec'y, D. A. R.

## IV

### NECROLOGY

MRS. LOUISA BLAKE MASON, wife of Doctor Amos Lawrence Mason, and daughter of the late Rear-Admiral Charles Steedman, U. S. Navy, and a member of the South Carolina Historical Society, died at her summer home at York Harbor, Maine, August 3d, 1908, after an illness of several months. She was the fourth and youngest of Rear-Admiral Steedman's daughters, and was born in Philadelphia, April 9th, 1852. She was married to Dr. Mason, whose home was in Boston, September 30th, 1874. Their only child, a daughter, Marion, married Richard Thornton Wilson, Jr., of New York City and May River, South Carolina. Mrs. Mason's paternal grandfather was Colonel Charles John Steedman, who was for many years sheriff of Charleston District, and at other times represented St. James Parish, Santee, in both branches of the General Assembly of this State. She was also descended from the Blakes of St. James's, Santee, the Serrés, the Jeaneretts, and others of the early settlers in that section of South Carolina.

*South Carolina Historical and Genealogical Magazine*, vol. ix., no. 4.



*Rear Admiral Charles Steedman*





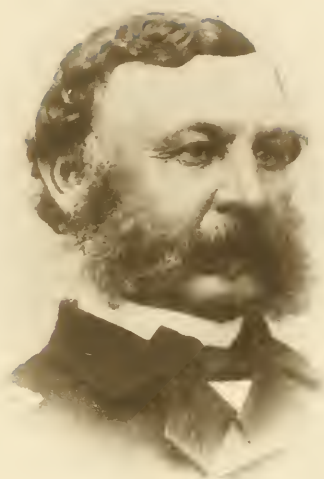




*Captain Steedman during the War*











*Mrs. Steedman*









*Rosa McKean Steedman*











*Dick and Charlie*









*Marion Steedman Mason*











*Mrs. Wilson and her Children, 1908*









*E. Rollins Morse and the Children, 1907*











*Colonel Charles John Steedman's House, Charleston, S. C.*









*Mrs. Mason's Birthplace, Philadelphia*











*The House in Washington*









*Bake-house, Torresdale, Pa.*

*Steedman House, Torresdale, Pa.*











*Commandant's House, Charlestown Navy Yard*









*Mrs. Rollins Morse's House at Prides Crossing*











*View from Mrs. Mason's Window*









*Risty, painted by Mrs. Mason*











*Risty in the Window*









*Camp at Brandy Brook, on the Ristigouche*











*Down the River from Brandy Brook Camp*









*Polycarp Martin with Mrs. Mason's Morning Take*











*Grace Cottage, Bar Harbor*









*York Harbor Cottage*









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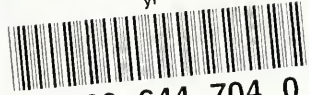
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